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Credits

Slime Mutants (Slime Mutants of Clear Lake) from Still
More Scary Stories for Sleep-overs
© 1993 by RGA Publishing Group, Inc.
Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs: AKG London Ltd. SBT1(bl), SBT2(tr),
(Irmgard Wagner) SBT2(b); Bridgeman Art Library
(Wolverhampton Art Gallery) SBT2(c); Mary Evans
Picture Library Ltd. TU1(cu), TU2(blu); Fortean Picture
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Grant Archives TU2(bc); Images Colour Library (The
Charles Walker Collection) OHW2(br), SBT1(r); Oxford
Scientific Films Ltd (Dan Guravich/Photo Researchers
Inc.) OHW2(bc); Rex Features Ltd (Rob Judges)
TU1(br); Trip (Ask Images) OHW1(bc).

Illustrations: Lee Gibbons SBT1-2(sp), TU1-2(sp);
Christian Hook CS1-4(sp); Barry Jones FRONT
COVER(c), SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate FRONT
COVER(t), PUZ1(bl); Jerry Paris CS1(t), PUZ1-3(sp);
Robin Smith OHW3-4(sp); David Wyatt (Sarah Brown
Agency) OHW1(cl), OHW2(sp), Pop-up.

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have not been able to locate.

Editorial and distribution offices
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR
Editor: Jenny Curran **Art Editor:** Chantal Newell
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Vanessa Morgan
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Production Controller: Teresa Magnowska
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Printed by: CSM Impact, England
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

FREE IN
ISSUE 20
Spooky
Pop-up



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SLIME MUTANTS



Diane pulled on her favourite sweatshirt. It was so
faded and worn that the message on the front, "Make
Earth Day Every Day," was barely readable. As she
was doing up her backpack, the door opened and her
mum leaned in. "Mr. Carter is outside," she said,
smiling. "Are you ready?"

"You bet," Diane answered happily. She had been looking
forward to this weekend at Clear Lake for weeks.

"Don't forget your medicine," her mum reminded her. "I'm
still not sure you're well enough to go."

"Mum, my cold is nearly gone. I promise to keep warm."

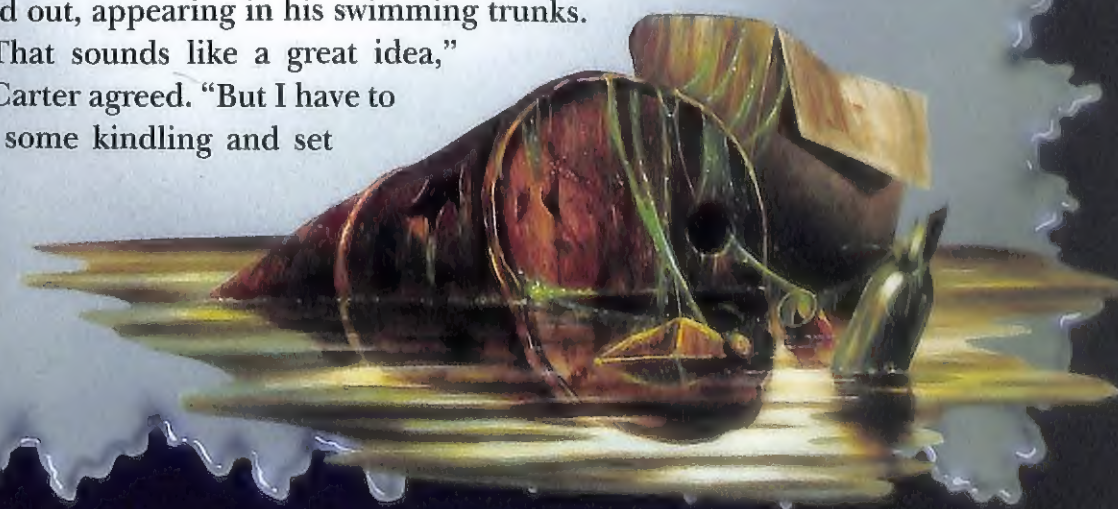
Diane had worked hard to convince her parents that she
should be allowed to go on the trip. Mr. Carter, the science
teacher, often took the Earth Science Club on field trips, but this
would be the first time they were going to camp. Besides, it was
a celebration, too. Until last year, Clear Lake had not deserved
its name. It had been a dump for all sorts of rubbish from the
town. Diane's science club had been part of a special effort to
clean up the lake. Cold or no cold - this field trip was a must.

The trip up the mountain road took a couple of hours. At the
campsite, Mr. Carter and the eight kids quickly set up their
tents. Since it was still early in the season, the group had its
choice of the best sites close to the lake.

"Who wants to go for a swim?" Paul Kelly
called out, appearing in his swimming trunks.

"That sounds like a great idea,"

Mr. Carter agreed. "But I have to
find some kindling and set



up our fire first. I don't want anyone going into the water unless I'm with you."

Everyone groaned.

"I can find kindling," Diane said. "I've still got a cold, and I can't go swimming."

"That's very kind, Diane," said Mr. Carter. "Okay, you can look after the fire."



Within minutes, the rest of the group was splashing knee-deep in the cold water. Paul, Terry and Josh were the first to dive in. Each surfaced a few yards from shore, sputtering and shivering.

"It's not that cold out here," Terry lied. "Come on in!"

"Be careful," Mr. Carter warned. "The rocks on the bottom are covered with algae and might be slippery."

"Cool!" Diane's best friend, Sara, said, slipping on her mask and snorkel. "I'll see what else is down there." She eased out a little deeper into the lake, studying the rocks beneath that were carpeted with delicate strands of algae. She dived down and picked up a long, flat rock to get a better look at it. Gripping it in one hand, she cringed when it started to wriggle. Then she felt a nip on her fingers, and the object squirmed out of her grasp. Sara whirled around in the water and surfaced, swimming for the shallows where Mr. Carter, Lisa and Bill were making a collection of water samples.

"Mr. Carter!" Sara gasped, pushing her mask up. "I picked up this rock and it was all slimy... it moved... it really did... and it bit me!" She held out her hand to show a



small yet bloody gash on her finger.

"Calm down, Sara," the teacher said. "The algae makes the rocks slippery. You probably just dropped it."

"No, sir." She shook her head. "It was trying to get away!"

Lisa looked up from filling a jar. "It was probably a fish – you know, one of those flatfish that live on the bottom. You just thought it was a rock."

"Flatfish don't usually bite," whined

Sara. "And besides, it was all covered with weird, stringy algae."

"You mean like this?" Paul waded toward them. Long strands of the slimy green stuff dripped between his fingers. "What is it, Mr. Carter?"

The science teacher ripped off a bit of the weird plant and looked at it very closely. "I'm not sure." He took a plastic box from his rucksack and put the sample inside. "We'll take it back with us and try to find out what it is," he said, tucking the box into his bag.

"Look!" Sara pointed to where the bushes were growing right along the shoreline. "It's over there, too." Algae covered the lower branches. The leaves were furry with it, and strings of the bright green slime clung to the branches overhanging the lake.

"That's strange," Lisa said. She stood up and sloshed towards the bushes. "It seems to be growing just as well out of the water as in it." As she stood examining the strands, something drifted out from under a branch and gently bumped her leg. "Ugh!" she screamed and stepped backwards. "Mr. Carter! Look at this!"

The body of a large dead duck was floating in the water. Its feathers were covered with a fine layer of algae. The longest strands hung from its open beak.

Bill whistled softly, "Wow, that stuff must grow fast. Do you think it's poisonous? Maybe the duck tried to eat it."

Mr. Carter shook his head, then looked at the lengthening shadows. "I don't know what to make of it. But I think it's best if we all get out of the water. We'll come back in the morning." He rubbed his hands on his shorts. "And I'll warm up some water. I want you all to wash your hands really well."

Paul nodded. "Yeah, it's kind of sticky."

Excited from their adventure, they went back to the camp, laughing and chattering. Diane had gathered an impressive pile of kindling and had set up the fire. "How was the water?" she asked cheerily.

"Great," Josh answered. "Except for the attack of the mutant green slime." Everyone laughed.

Diane smiled and raised her eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

Josh grinned. "Nothing. There's just this strange stuff growing in the lake. After everything that was dumped in there over the years, it's not surprising."

"Yuck – and you were swimming in it!" Diane said, wrinkling her nose. "Now I'm really glad I didn't go with you. Anyway, the fire is ready to be lit."

"And you've done a good job," Mr. Carter added. "I don't know about you, but I'm hungry. Who wants to eat?"

The answer was a general cheer.



While the other kids dried off, Diane looked for more wood. She noticed a small branch sticking out from under a clump of bushes. As she pulled it out, a squirrel scurried out.

"Hello there," she said. "I'm sorry if..."

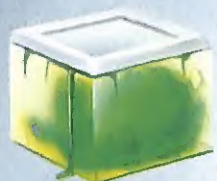
Her words froze in her throat. The squirrel had turned and bared its long, chisel-like teeth at her. Then it made a strange hissing noise. Diane had never seen a squirrel behave like that before. Quickly she realised that she had never seen a squirrel that looked like this one,



either. Its glistening fur was a patchwork of emerald green, and slimy strands hung loosely from its snout.

The small creature lunged. Diane jumped out of its way as it dashed back into the undergrowth.

"Wow," Diane whispered in awe. She stood up slowly, dusted herself off and decided not to mention it to the others. No one would believe that she had been attacked by a vicious green squirrel.



By the time the full moon had risen, there was a blazing fire and everyone was cooking sausages. It was a clear, crisp night, and Diane pushed any thoughts of the strange squirrel out of her mind – until Lisa mentioned the weird algae and the dead duck they had found floating in the lake.

"It didn't look like anything I've ever seen before," Lisa said, in a whisper. "The stuff seemed to be growing in patches. Yuck – I can't believe I touched it!" Absentmindedly, she reached down and scratched the spot above her ankle where the duck bumped into her. Something about Lisa's hand caught Diane's eye.

"What's that you've got under your fingernails?" she asked.



Lisa looked at her fingernails, then turned her leg towards the fire and slowly pulled up the leg of her jeans. Both girls gasped. A large patch of green fuzz covered the side of Lisa's calf. "Mr. Carter," Diane said, her voice quivering. "I think you should look at this."

The science teacher knelt down to examine Lisa's leg. But just then, Paul jumped up, tipping his dinner into the fire. "Look!" The palms of both hands were covered with fine green strands, and there were green stains between his fingers. Even as they all watched, the stains became slightly fuzzy. Paul grabbed a handful of earth and rubbed his hands together frantically. "What is it, Mr. Carter? It hurts!" he wailed.

Lisa rubbed her leg. Sara started to cry when she, too, found large greenish stains on her hands.

"Don't panic!" Mr. Carter tried to calm them. "It must be some kind of allergic reaction. I've got something that should help." He grabbed his rucksack and opened it. Inside, the plastic sample box had come open, and everything was covered with slimy green algae.

"What the...?" Mr. Carter dropped the bag and began to rub at his own hands. Dark stains were spreading up his arms. "I don't know what's going on here, but we need help. Everybody get into the van. We've got to get into town. The keys..." He felt in his pockets.

Diane could tell from his voice that something was terribly wrong. He was losing control.

"Where are the keys?" he screamed. "They must be in here!" He upended the rucksack and dumped the contents on the ground. Like everything else, the keys to the van were coated with slime. Mr. Carter scrabbled for them on the ground, but before he could reach them, Sara kicked the keys into the fire.

"Mr. Carter!" Diane screamed, pointing at Sara. "What's happening to her?"

Sara stood grinning beside the fire. Long strands of green slime hung from her lips. When she started to speak, she spluttered and drooled. The slime was obviously growing inside her mouth.

"Nothing is happening to me," Sara said, turning to face Diane. "Or at least nothing that concerns you... yet. But I can fix that!" She reached out her ooze-covered hand.

Diane squirmed away while the other kids gathered behind Sara. Diane looked from one to the other. Every one of them was spotted with large patches of the grotesque green stuff. The rancid smell stung Diane's nostrils. Tears filled her eyes. "Sara, you're my best friend. What are you doing?"

"I just want to hold hands, friend."

Diane moaned, "What is wrong with you? With all of you?"

"Stop whining, you little brat!" Mr. Carter stood up. In the firelight she could see that he was baring his teeth, which were now sharp and pointed like the squirrel's.

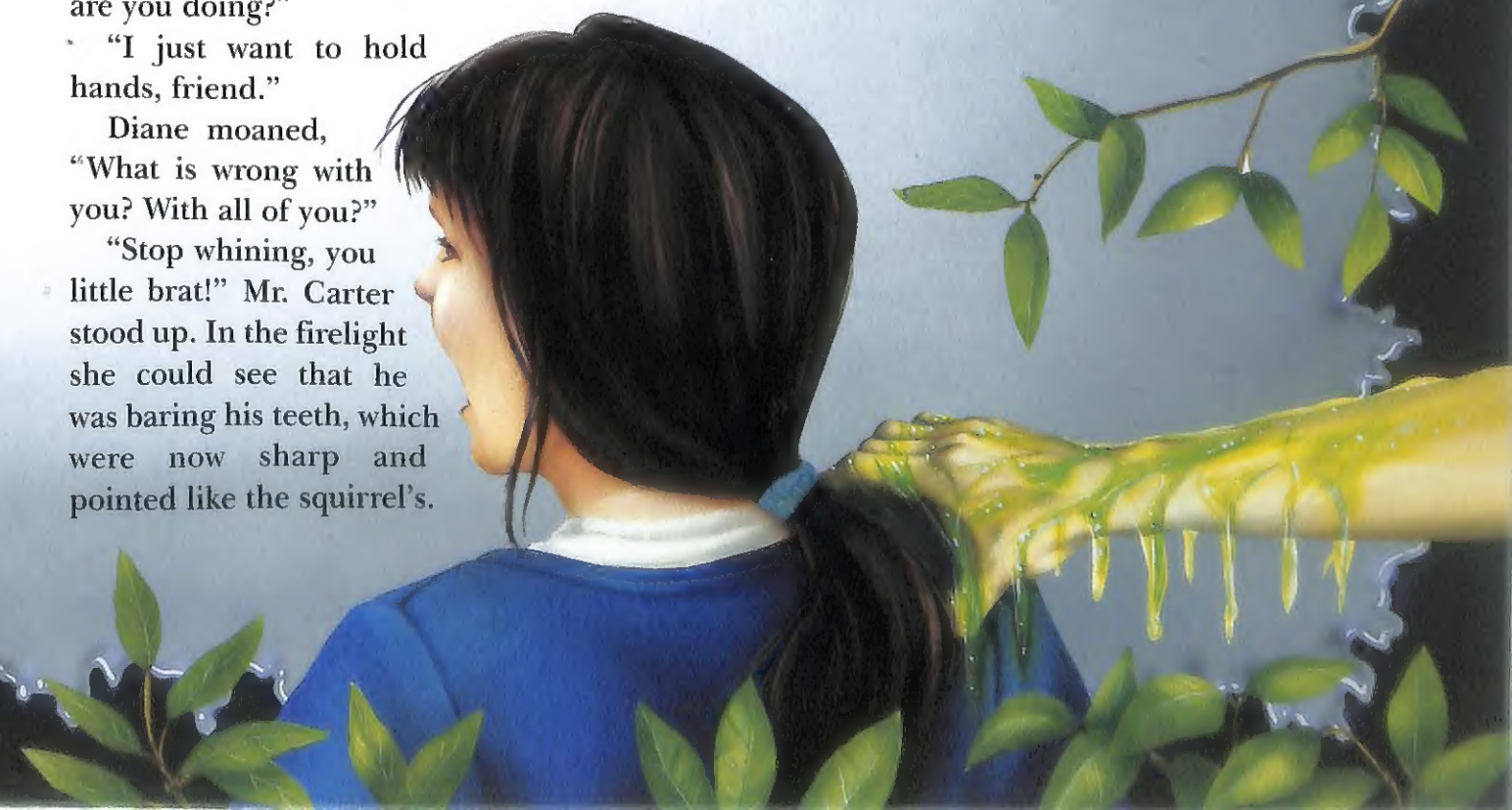
"This slime, whatever it is, it's changing you," Diane sobbed. "I'll get help." She scrambled to her feet and backed away toward the forest. "I can make it to town. It's not that far," she continued to babble, as they all moved closer and closer to her. "I'll fetch help."



Suddenly, a form grabbed at her from the shadows. "Who says we want help?" A slime-covered being snarled with what had once been Josh's voice.

Diane twisted away from its grasp. Stumbling and crying she raced into the forest. Twigs and branches seemed to reach out for her. They scraped at her face and hands as she lurched forward. She could hear the others following close behind. Which way was the main road?

In the pale moonlight, she saw a clearing ahead. She ran out into the open space and stood gasping for air.





Suddenly, there was a screech from above, and a creature dived at her from the sky. Slime dripped from its widespread wings and sharp talons, which Diane barely managed to dodge. Only the creature's glowing eyes were free of the stuff. From its piercing cry, she could tell the thing had once been an owl. It turned to attack again, and Diane ducked back into the trees.



She waited until the screeches finally died away. The silence settled in like a fog, and the entire forest seemed to press close around her. "Where are they?" she whispered. Then she caught a scent on the air. It was a dank, musty smell, and it was growing stronger. Then she saw something glinting through the leaves just a few yards away – it was the remains of their campfire. "I've doubled back to the lake," she moaned.

Diane edged around the dense vegetation and came closer to the rocky shore. Now she could hear the low growls of the monsters that had once been her friends. They were coming closer.

Frantically, she looked around. There was nowhere to run. She glanced fearfully

at the calm water. They said the slime was in the water, but that was further down. Maybe the lake was all right here.

She carefully worked her way over the rocks and eased into the icy lake up to her knees. The water glittered in the moonlight. It didn't feel slippery.

The sound of something heavy lumbering over the rocks forced her to make a decision. She silently slipped under the overhanging branches and hid among the shadows. The water, now up to her neck, was so cold that it was painful, but she bit her lip and managed not to make a sound.

Snuffling and grunting, several of the horrid creatures limped along the shore. They seemed to be communicating, but no human sound emerged. Diane shrank back into the vegetation. Her heart was pounding so hard that she was afraid they might hear it. Diane held her breath and squeezed her eyes shut. She was barely aware of the twigs that scratched her face as she withdrew among the branches.

Finally, the hideous beasts hobbled away over the rocks. Diane waited until everything was silent, then she groped her way out of the water. Her feet were almost

numb with cold, but she ran. Finally she reached the main road. Every breath was agony as she fled down the middle of the road, afraid to get too close to the forest on either side. She knew only too well what terrible secrets the trees were hiding.

All at once she realised that there was something behind her, something getting closer. She spun around and stared into what looked like two huge, gleaming eyes.

"Miss... don't be afraid. What are you doing out here alone?" The owner of the voice came closer. Diane was able to make out a tall woman in a uniform. The gleaming eyes were the headlights of a car. She felt faint, and the ground started to spin. A moment later someone was helping her into a car. As her head cleared she realised that it was a police car. The policeman who was driving was talking into his radio.

"I don't know," he was saying. "Her clothes are damp. I imagine she's been in

the lake. We'll bring her in first, then go back to check whether anyone else is around." He finished his call and looked at Diane in his rear-view mirror. "Well, miss, can you tell us what happened to you?"

Diane opened her mouth, but no sound came out. "Don't worry," the policewoman said kindly. "Whatever happened, you're safe now." She reached under her seat, pulled out a shoulder bag and fished out a mirror and some tissues. "Here you go. Dry your eyes, and try to rub some of that dirt from your face. We'll be in town in a few minutes."

Diane took the tissues and dabbed at her eyes. Looking in the mirror, she began to clean the dirt from her face. Then she felt a low scream rising in her throat. She rubbed harder and harder at the greenish stain on her cheek, but it wouldn't go away. It only got bigger and bigger.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Lying between two vast continents, Mexico has a unique style of myth, magic and weirdness.

Mini-men in Yucatan

In the Yucatan Peninsula, metre-high humanoids with jet black beards, long hair and very large heads have been reported for years. They are known as the Alux. In 1977 a machete-carrying male Alux was spotted by Xuc, the young caretaker of the ancient walled Mayan city of Mayapan. Angrily, the Alux pelted Xuc with small clay balls!

Present-day Mayans say that the tiny houses found outside ancient Mayan temples were once the homes of special members of this tribe of tiny people.

Scientists, however, deny the very existence of the mysterious Alux people.

TAILS YOU WIN, HEADS YOU LOSE!

The ancient Mayan ceremonial city of Chichen Itza has a castle called El Castillo. Inside it, there's a special court for playing ball games. Great! you may think, but the games played there were life-or-death ones. The captain of the losing team would not only lose his life, but his severed head was often used as the ball in the next game!

This sounds a horribly long way from a friendly football or rugby match but to the ancient Mayans – who practised ritual human sacrifice on a big scale – it was all part of the game.



◀ Carved walls in the ancient city of Chichen Itza show the heads and skulls of victims of ritual executions.

A TELEPORTING TALE

In 1593, a dazed and confused soldier stood in the busy square outside the palace in Mexico City. His uniform was strange and he wore guns never seen before, so the local authorities took him in for questioning. The soldier said he lived in Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands – nearly a third of the world away! He'd been ordered earlier that day to report for guard duty at the palace in Manila, where the islands' governor had been assassinated the previous night. But as Manila took two months to reach by sailing ship across the Pacific Ocean, the soldier was thought to be crazy and was locked up. Two months later, a ship arrived from the Philippines with 'hot' news that confirmed all of the soldier's amazing story. At last, his uniform was recognised and he was set free to return to Manila. No one has ever explained how he arrived in Mexico City. Could he have been teleported there by unknown forces?

THE DAY OF THE DEAD

When the monarch butterflies return to Mexico for the winter (see below), the Mexicans celebrate. They believe that the butterflies carry the spirits of their dead loved ones and ancestors. The traditional Day of the Dead falls at the same time as Halloween. To outsiders, open coffins, people dressed as skeletons, ghouls, ghosts and mummies looks seriously spooky.

But for the Mexicans, it's a time for family fun!

► It's just a papier mache skeleton but it's still scary!
▼ Millions of butterflies returning to Mexico.



A FURRY FRIEND

The American aunt of a friend took off for a Mexican holiday...

1 During dinner one night, she saw a cute little creature under the table. It stared with such hungry eyes that she couldn't resist giving it some food.

2 When he followed her back to the hotel, she let him stay the night. Missing her pets back home, she called him Chico.

3 Two days later, the woman couldn't bear to be parted from Chico, so she hid him in her hand luggage and took him with her on the plane back to Florida.

4 Back home, she introduced Chico to her surprised pets, then tucked him up in his new pet basket to get over his jetlag.

5 Next morning, Chico was clearly unwell. He refused his food and his eyes were half closed and glazed looking.

6 Thankful that she'd taken out pet insurance, she rushed Chico to the vet. But poor Chico breathed his last as the vet got out his stethoscope.

7 The woman was heartbroken but she managed to ask, "Tell me, please - do you know what breed my darling Chico was? He was such a very unusual little dog..."

8 "That was no dog!" cried the vet. "Your furry friend was a giant Mexican sewer rat!"



KASPAR HAUSER

Special Investigation File: 19

Subject: a young man who mysteriously appeared in May 1828
Place: Nuremberg, Bavaria, Germany

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

On 26 May 1828, a teenage boy arrived in Nuremberg, Germany. His clothes were torn and he was staggering around. When a shoemaker offered help, the boy handed him a letter addressed to a cavalry captain, so the man took him to the captain's house.

The captain found two notes inside the letter. One appeared to be from the boy's mother. It asked the captain to enlist him in the cavalry, as his father had been a member. The other was from a peasant who claimed to have brought up the child. The captain asked the teenager about his past, but he did not understand.

The soldier took the boy to the police station. There the boy wrote 'Kaspar Hauser' on a piece of paper, and from then on he was known by this name.

Evidence no: 19/1
A 19th-century picture of Kaspar Hauser



Evidence no: 19/2
The face Kaspar drew after his dream

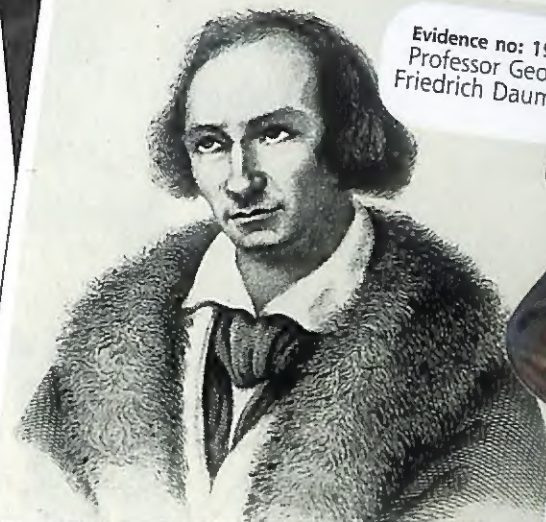


Dear Hannelore
Here's the latest on the Kaspar Hauser story. The mayor published a statement which revealed some of the mystery — the poor boy had spent his early years locked in a cell-like room with only some wooden toys to play with.
The story made the boy famous, and a learned man, Professor Daumer, agreed to teach him. Kaspar has proved so intelligent that most people now believe he is not a peasant boy at all, but the illegitimate son of the Grand Duchess of Baden. This rumour grew after Kaspar drew a picture of a man he had seen in a dream. To many people, he looked just like the Grand Duke. Whatever next?
Your dear friend
Greta

Professor Daumer made the following observations about Kaspar Hauser's strange behaviour:

- 1 He thought trees, plants and even clocks were alive like people.
- 2 He could see in the dark like animals, but sunlight made his eyes hurt.
- 3 He had excellent hearing and an extremely acute sense of smell. Once while walking through a graveyard, he smelt the dead bodies under the ground.
- 4 He did not understand that he could see himself in mirrors, so looked behind them for the person who was staring at him.

Evidence no: 19/3
Professor Georg Friedrich Daumer



18 December 1833

MYSTERY MAN DEAD

The intriguing story of Kaspar Hauser came to a tragic end yesterday when he died after the second attempt on his life.

In 1829, just after Hauser had written his autobiography, he was attacked and wounded at his home. The culprit was never found. From 1831 to 1833, he journeyed around Europe with Englishman Lord Stanhope. Then, four days ago, Hauser staggered into the home of Dr Meyer, his new guardian, with a knife wound in his chest. He never recovered.

Evidence no: 19/4
Nuremberg in the 19th century

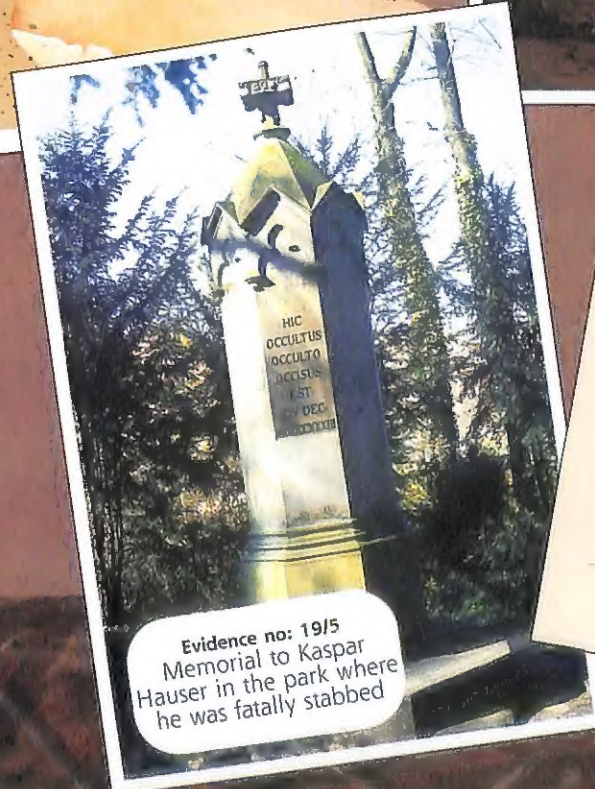


Unexplained

WHO WAS KASPAR HAUSER?

Was Kaspar Hauser a peasant boy whose parents could not afford to keep him? Or was he the secret son of Bavaria's ruling family? People who believe the second story suggest that he was murdered by assassins hired by the family to prevent the truth from being revealed. There is also a theory that he injured himself in an attention-seeking stunt that went wrong. It is unlikely that the mystery will ever now be solved.

Evidence no: 19/5
Memorial to Kaspar Hauser in the park where he was fatally stabbed



CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

Madam Crowl's Ghost

Retold from the story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

I was only fourteen when I was sent to work with my aunt, Mrs Shutters, who was the housekeeper at Applewale House in the village of Lexhoe. It was dark by the time I reached the village, where a horse and carriage was waiting for me. The driver put my box up on top and asked me where I was going. When I told him I was going to wait on Madam Crowl of Applewale House, he said:

"Oh, you'll not stay there long."

"Why?" I asked, nervously.

"Because they say she's possessed by an evil spirit, and she's a bit of a ghost, too. Have you got a Bible?"

I told him I had.

"Well, make sure you put it under your pillow every night. It will help to keep the old girl's claws off you."

I thought I saw the driver winking at his companion as he said these horrible words. But that didn't calm me – by now I was feeling both homesick and afraid. As the carriage rattled down a dark avenue, I leaned my head out of the window and saw the big, black-and-white house that was soon to be my home. In the moonlight, I could make out the shadows of trees chasing each other up and down the front of the building, and dark shutters obscuring most of the windows.



I had never met my aunt before. As I stood in the hall watching her approach, the first thing I noticed was her pale face, black eyes and very long, thin hands, which were covered in black mittens. She was kind to me, and brought me up to her sitting room for tea. However, I knew straight away that she was a very silent woman, and that she probably thought children should be seen and not heard.

Mrs Wyvern, a middle-aged woman who worked as the maid, was different. While I ate my tea, she chatted away, and said more in one hour than my aunt did during my whole stay at Applewale. When my aunt went up to the second floor to see her mistress, Mrs Wyvern explained that a local woman sat with Madam Crowl when neither she nor my aunt were there.

"She's a troublesome old lady, Madam Crowl," she added. "You have to have your wits about you, as she's likely to walk into

You'll have to sit with her, girl, and see that she gets up to no mischief, and bring her whatever she needs. You can ring the bell hard if she gets troublesome."

My bedroom was next to Madam Crowl's, but I didn't see or hear her for the first two days. Mrs Wyvern told me that she was in one of her sulks and wouldn't let them undress her. Instead she lay in her fancy clothes all night. The next evening I was sitting in my room, doing some embroidery, when I heard a sound like a bleating animal. It was coming through the open door that led into Madam Crowl's bedchamber. When it stopped, I could make out my aunt's voice saying, "Evil spirits can't hurt no one, ma'am, unless the Lord permits it."

The strange, bleating sound continued and I deduced that it was Madam Crowl speaking, but I couldn't make head or tail of what she said. Then silence descended, and shortly afterwards my aunt looked in on me. She told me that at last the mistress had fallen asleep. I wasn't to make a sound while my aunt went down to the kitchen to get a cup of tea.

I picked up a picture book and tried to read. But soon I found myself wondering whether the old lady really was asleep. My bedroom suddenly seemed too silent, so I got up and walked around so that I could at least hear the sounds of my own footsteps. As I got near the connecting door, I decided that there would be no harm in taking a quick peek at Madam Crowl's bedchamber.

the fire or climb out of an open window if you're not watching."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"She was ninety-three last birthday, and she can walk and talk and see and hear like the rest of us. But her mind's gone a bit. She's still dreadful fond of her dresses, though – you could fill seven shops with all the silks and satins and velvets she has. And I'm told she was a great beauty in her day.

The room was huge and lit by a blaze of candles – I counted twenty-two of them. It contained a four-poster bed with long, rich red curtains, which had been

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



pulled shut, and the biggest looking-glass I had ever seen. I stared in amazement, thinking that it looked more like a scene from my picture book than a bedroom. By now I was feeling adventurous, so I checked that the old lady was not stirring behind the curtains, then gingerly tiptoed across the room to take a look at her. Slowly, I slipped my fingers between the thick curtains and pulled them back.

There, stretched out on the bed, was the strangest sight I'd ever seen. A lady with deeply wrinkled skin lay as still and lifeless as one of the stone effigies on the tombs at Lexhoe Church. She was dressed in a gorgeous gown made of scarlet and green satin and silk, with a powdered wig piled on top of her head and high-heeled shoes on her feet. As I stared more closely at her, I could see that her cheeks had been painted with circles of rouge and her face and throat had been coated in white powder. She was also wearing false eyebrows made of mouse fur. When I looked at her hands, which were stretched out by her sides, I saw that they were very long and pointed. I gave a shiver as I remembered the carriage driver's

remark about Madam Crowl's "claws".

Before I had time to back away, the sleeping figure opened her eyes, sat up, swung her legs down on to the floor and stood up in front of me with a loud clack of her heels. Then, piercing me with her glassy eyes, she stretched out an arm and pointed at me. In a high, hysterical voice she said, "You little rat. Why did you say I killed the boy? I'll catch you and tickle you until you're stiff as a corpse."

I don't know why I didn't turn and run straight away. I wanted to, but I found that, just like a rabbit that's been dazzled by a strong light, I couldn't take my eyes off the old woman. I staggered backwards, but she came tottering after me making a horrible zizzing sound with her tongue, and pointing her bony fingers at my throat. I kept backing away, but she kept coming at me, her fingers only inches from my neck. Suddenly I felt the hard wall at my back – I was trapped! I let out a blood-curdling yell and the next thing I knew, my aunt was standing at the door, shouting at Madam Crowl. The old lady turned round, and I ran as fast as my legs could carry me,

straight through my room and along to the safety of my aunt's sitting room.

Mrs Wyvern was in the room, and she chuckled as I related what had happened. But when I repeated Madam Crowl's words, the smile left her face.

"Tell me again what she said," she requested quietly.

"She said, 'You little rat. Why did you say I killed the boy? I'll catch you and ...'"

But before I could finish, Mrs Wyvern interrupted me and asked, "And had you said she killed a boy?"

"No, Mrs Wyvern. I hadn't said a word to her. I was too scared."

Then Mrs Wyvern patted my hand and told me to forget all about it. But after that

evening, I was never left alone with Madam Crowl again. Just a week later, I made an important discovery about the old lady's secret past.

WORD POWER

obscuring – hiding

deduced – worked out; concluded

gingerly – carefully; cautiously

effigies – models or statues of people

rouge – red powder used as a cosmetic



NEXT ISSUE:
A grim and grisly discovery

FRANKENSTEIN PUZZLES

Foul Facts

Countess Bathory of Hungary bathed in the blood of young girls because she thought it would keep her beautiful. At dead of night she would leave her castle and drive through the countryside in her black coach, hunting for girls to catch and drain the blood from their bodies.



QUEASY QUIZ

Got what it takes to become a spooky surgeon? Sharpen those skills by answering the six questions on this page.

SKULL DRILL

An ancient cure for illness was to drill a hole in the skull to release the 'evil spirits'. Some people today have this done because they think it expands their consciousness. What is this practice called?

- a) skullectomy b) barology
- c) trepanning

INTESTINE SPOOL

Your small intestine is longer than your large intestine. How long is it?

- a) 4 to 5 metres
- b) 6 to 7 metres
- c) 7 to 8 metres

SKIN PEELER

You are walking around in a different skin to the one you wore last month! During your life you'll scatter around you – how much dead skin:

- a) 18kg b) 7 kg c) 30kg

MUCUS BUCKET

Inside your nose are millions of mucus movers – tiny hairs that move the runny mucus along your nose at a rate of 1.2 cm a minute. If you sneeze the mucus shoots from your nose at an incredible speed. How fast?

- a) 50 km per hour
- b) 87 km per hour
- c) 160 km per hour

EYE EXTRACTOR

An eyeball weighs about 7a.

Inside an eyeball is what?

- a) fibrous padding b) transparent jelly
- c) strawberry jelly

BONE CUTTER

Alice in Wonderland has nothing on you. You change size every day! By how much does your spine shrink by day and stretch again at night?

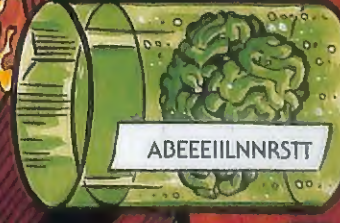
- a) 0.85cm
- b) 0.50 cm
- c) 1.25 cm

SCRAMBLED BRAINS

Dr Frankenstein has collected the brains of some famous people to use in his monsters. He was in such a hurry to label them he got the letters of the names jumbled. In brackets is the number of words in the name and a one-word clue to what the brain's owner was famous for.



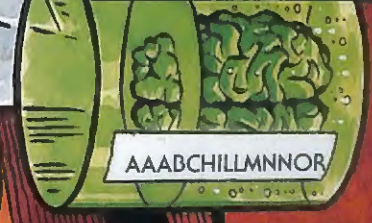
(2-telegraph)



(2-relativity)



(2-lamp)



(2-freedom)



(3-gravity)



(3-outlaw)



(1-logic)



(2-waterproofs)



WEIRD WORDS

Can you find all these words in the square? They may appear vertically, horizontally, diagonally and back to front!

Bleed
Kill
Bloat
Body
Sewed
Corpses
Frankenstein
Gruesome
Zombie
Bolts
Reality
Ghoulish
Pain
Raged
Shock
Howl
Beast
Attics
Spook
Humble
Soul
Pity
Ghost
Rats
Skeleton
Ogre
Panic
Scar
Coffins

ATBUFRANKENSTEIN
KILLYTILAEPAINY
JPEMOSEURGYIWSGH
KAERFOERSDNNEPHS
RND OYEDWODIENAOE
AIQTRRZBEGACIRUL
CGISSGBOADRHSELF
SPOOKOAOMTBIYPIA
RDYHUEWNNBHLASR
MAEGLYLKSEILSRHG
UELGLZRECMSEITUO
HDJLAABGTOORMMR
BAXLERLLWOHNGWBP
EOUFNCOFFINSSPLS
AOLNULARORROHTEE
SCITTATGBANDAGES
TRATSYELECTRICTR

Bone
Skull
Storm
Flesh
Gore
Cellar
Brain
Horror
Nuts
Haunt
Limbs
Spare part
Grisly
Fear
Bandages
Crazy
Bloodbath
Cage
Sinew
Electric
Monster
Organs
Dead
Freak
Spinechiller

IN A PICKLE

Each of the jars has a different mixture in it. Using the clues on the labels, can you work out what the spare parts have been bottled in?

FACE FACTS

If you were talking when someone chopped your head off your eyes and mouth would still move. This is because it takes 11 seconds for the brain to die and until that happens messages still come through from the muscles and nerves.

AS I WAS SAYING
BEFORE I WAS SO RUDELY
INTERRUPTED

ANSWERS

SCRAMBLED BRAINS: (left to right) Guglielmo Marconi; Albert Einstein; Florence Nightingale; Abraham Lincoln; Sir Isaac Newton; Rob Roy MacGregor; Aristotle; Charles Macintosh; GRISLY GADGETS: Eye Extractor; Bone Cutter; Skull Drill; Intestine Spoon; Mucus Buckler; Skin Peeler; IN A PICKLE: From bottom right: Vinegar; Hydrogen; Salt water; Milk; Oxygen; Lemon Juice; Carbon dioxide; Water; CAGED! Lever (A)



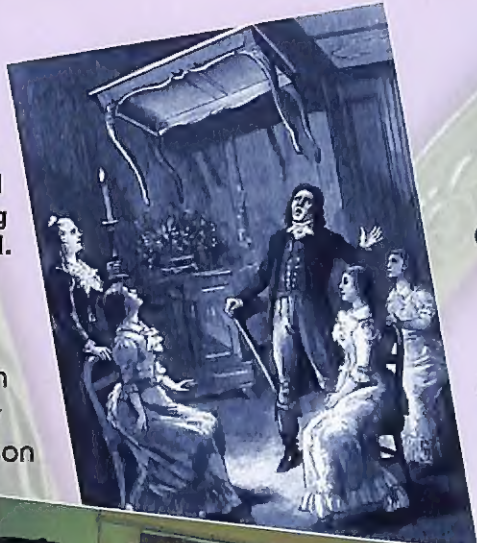
PSYCHOKINESIS

► IS ANYBODY THERE?
In 1848, the Fox family from America introduced spiritualism and floating tables to the world.

Do you believe that a table can float across a room without any physical support? Or that a person can bend a metal spoon or key by the force of their mind alone? Both these events are examples of psychokinesis (PK for short).

IS ANYBODY THERE?

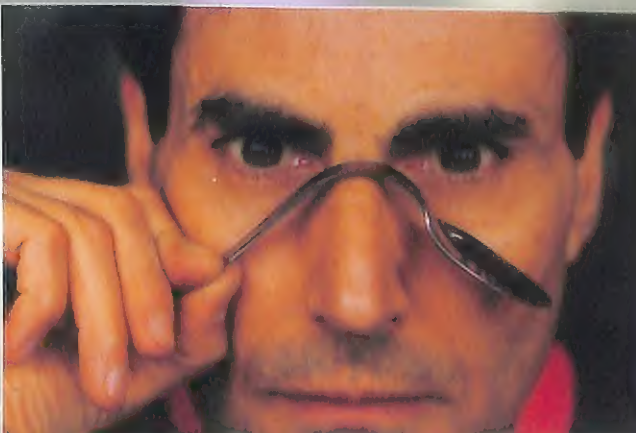
Floating tables first hit the headlines in a big way in the late 1800s when spiritualism was at its most popular. Spiritualist mediums claimed to be able to communicate with the spirits of people who had died, and one of the classic signs of being in touch was a turning or floating table. Unfortunately, the number of tricksters faking paranormal powers at this time cast doubt over anyone claiming to have PK powers for many years to come.



SPOOKY STARDOM
In the 1970s the most famous PK performer burst on to the public stage. A young Israeli called Uri Geller appeared on British television in November 1973 and demonstrated his special skills by bending forks and starting up broken watches all by the power of his mind alone – or so it appeared. Equally extraordinary was the number of telephone calls from parents claiming that having watched the show their children were playing mind bending games with the family cutlery! Over the years, Geller agreed to take part in many scientific tests, but none seems to have proved whether his powers are genuine or whether he is just a very clever magician.

▲ HIGH FLYERS
Researchers into psychokinesis in Missouri, USA, levitate (lift up) a table without visible physical support.

▼ POWERFUL ILLUSION?
Since retiring from show business, the famous metal bender, Uri Geller, has made millions by helping mining companies find minerals.



► A MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Psychokinetic activity caught on camera as a pen lifts itself up and writes a message on its own. Or could it really be trick photography?



IN THE LAB

Today the latest technology is used to try to discover the truth about psychokinesis. Individuals are asked to influence the readings from a Geiger counter, a device used to measure radioactivity, or the output of 'white noise' (random sounds from a wide frequency range). Sometimes coins are flipped by a machine and the PK subject is asked to influence whether they fall heads or tails.

The results of these experiments show that if a special force is at work, the influence it has is very small. This makes it very hard to measure and researchers seem no closer to explaining how the human brain can influence material matter.

FREAKY FORCE

Some people believe that the 'force' that allows a few people to demonstrate PK powers at will, is present all the time and that anyone can tap into it but usually without knowing. They argue that if a person has incredible beginner's luck at a new game, or kicks a goal without even trying, or drops a book only to find it opens at the page they wanted, they are tapping into the power of PK.

GREAT ESCAPE

In America, a psychologist has tried to prove that people do have this ability to influence events without even trying. He put a random number generator in one room, and in another room a person was told to carry out a series of very boring tasks. The subject was not told that they would only be released from their tasks, and the room, when they had influenced the generator to display a set of numbers that it would normally only produce every two or three days. Yet on several occasions, the generator produced the correct sequence within 45 minutes. So the next time you want to get a good score

at a new game, remember, just let the force be with you!



▲ POSSIBLY PARANORMAL?

In 1910 the Polish medium Stanislaw Tomczyk appears to demonstrate her powers by levitating scissors using the power of her mind alone.



◀ MIND MAGIC

In Roald Dahl's 'Matilda' a little girl discovers she has the power to literally turn the tables on the wicked grown-ups in her world!